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TAX RATE OF TWO CITIES.

Ogden City has fixed its tax rate for 1922 at 9.88 mills, and Salt Lake City has made a rate of 11.4.

Ogden on this basis, with a reduced assessment roll will raise approximately \$365,000 and Salt Lake will obtain \$2,100,000.

Salt Lake obtains from other sources sufficient funds to make the total of its revenues \$2,800,000.

Ogden's increased expenditures are principally interest on bond issues such as the outfall sewer which calls for approximately \$27,000 a year in interest.

The free garbage system, which has come as a demand from the Women's clubs of Ogden will require \$12,000 or more.

The lighting of the streets of Ogden is an expense which is rapidly increasing and now is over \$30,000 a year.

Interest on the waterworks improvements will add \$7000 to the yearly call on the city.

Then on top of all this there is to be a guaranty provided by the general fund of the city on all new special improvements. This is in response to the decision of the supreme court lately handed down.

But with all these increased demands, Ogden manages to keep its tax rate nearly 15 per cent below that of Salt Lake.

SETTLING THE STRIKE.

There is to be a real test of the degree to which the big railroad officials are swayed by patriotic duty. Many of them are opposed in general principles to taking the striking shopmen back and at least a few of them have indicated an unwillingness to yield to President Harding's suggestions unless they gain a complete victory.

Now if, in the face of that sentiment, the executives in session in New York, bow down to the president, they will prove that they are swayed by a sense of good citizenship.

GREEKS NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

A little war cloud has risen in that part of the world where war clouds have appeared since before the dawn of Christianity.

The Greeks are mobilizing a large force in Thrace and while a Greek army fights in Asia Minor, this army on the old battlefield of Europe, threatens to advance on Constantinople.

The Turks are in the hands of the British and French and Constantinople can be seized by the Greeks, if the allies do not act to prevent their advance. French troops are in line to block the Greeks and British forces are on the way.

So Constantinople once more will be saved to the Turks by virtue of jealous eyes which survey the field.

Christian public sentiment long ago decreed that Constantinople should be taken from the Turk, but Constantinople is too great a prize to be allowed to fall into the hands of any one European power, as it controls the trade routes to vast empires.

For years Russia was prevented from developing its sea power and maritime resources as Great Britain, operating through Turkey, had blocked the Dardanelles. Today Great Britain continues to guard the waterway, with firm determination to dictate its future control.

COAL.

Coal is the most inefficient of the great industries. Seasonal buying—not enough miners part of the time, too many miners the rest of the time.

Twice as many mines as are needed, with a 4000-years' supply underground and easily available, yet shortage follows shortage. Profits rarely are normal, either a feast or a famine. Out of each 2000 pounds of coal mined, only 76 pounds are actually converted into heat energy, the rest is waste.

The oil industry was much the same way until John D. came along. Coal also needs an organizing genius. He will come.

SENSIBLE.

The short skirt apparently is doomed. Long skirts sweep the eastern cities—also the filthy sidewalks.

Women, in the change of styles, should keep the sidewalk angle in mind. A skirt that drags on the ground collects and carries a thousand times more germs than all flies and mosquitoes combined.

Women know this, yet long trains probably are scheduled for a few years



SPENCER! OH, SPENCER!!!
AS I TOLD YOU, HAVE A GOOD TIME
BUT NOT SO GOOD THAT YOU'LL BE
NO GOOD WHEN YOU
GET BACK!!!



PRICKLY PEAR PEST SPREADS

New South Wales Facing Heavy Loss Caused By Weed

SYDNEY, N. S. W., June 21.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.) The prickly pear pest is spreading at the rate of 20,000 acres a month in New South Wales, causing a primary loss to the state of at least 20,000 pounds sterling, according to the estimates of the agricultural authorities. About five million acres of land are infested with the pest now, with a loss in value of at least 250,000,000 pounds sterling and an annual loss in production of about 300,000 pounds sterling, the authorities estimated.

LOSS IS LARGE
During the last government a bill was drafted to deal with the pest, but it never reached the house. It made it a penal offense to let pears grow on clean lands and dealt with clearable lands on their merits. It provided for assisting farmers in eradicating the pest. Where land is infested very heavily, the measure provided that it would be given to the person who cleared it.

Many methods of dealing with the pest have been tried, but the most effective was said to be a poison prepared by a chemist named Roberts, who came from California to curb the spread. Several thousand acres were cleared in Pilliga with this poison at an average cost of six shillings an acre.

American shipping tonnage ranks third at Hamburg, British being first and German second.

Empire's decisions can be checked by the use of the camera, according to recent tests in Los Angeles.

Scientists can now produce 40,000 degrees of heat, greater than the hottest star known.

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The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. A. MILNE

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CHAPTER I.

In the drowsy heat of the summer afternoon The Red House was taking its siesta. There was a lazy murmur of bees in the flower-borders, a gentle cooing of pigeons in the tops of the elms. From distant lawns came the whirr of a mowing machine, that most restful of all country sounds; making ease the sweeter in that it is taken while others are working.

It was the hour when even those whose business it is to attend to the wants of others have a moment or two for themselves. In the housekeeper's room Audrey Stevens, the pretty parlormaid, red-trimmed her best hat, and talked idly to her aunt, the nook-housekeeper of Mr. Mark Ablett's bachelor home.

"Funny thing that about Mr. Mark's brother. Fancy not seeing him for fifteen years."

"As I told you all this morning," said her aunt, "I've been here five years, and never heard of a brother. I could say that before everybody if I was going to die tomorrow."

"You could have knocked me down with a feather when he spoke about him at breakfast this morning. I didn't hear what went before, naturally, but he was all talking about the brother when I went in. Mr. Mark turns to me, and says—'my brother is coming to see me this afternoon. I'm expecting him about three,' he says. Show him into the office," he says just like that. 'Yes, sir,' I says quite quietly, but I was never so surprised in my life, not knowing he had a brother. My brother—Audrey, he says—there, I'd forgotten that. From Australia."

"Well, he may have been in Australia," said Mr. Stevens, judiciously. "But what I do say is he's never been here. Not what I've been here, and that's five years."

"Well, but, auntie, he hasn't been here for fifteen years. I heard Mr. Mark telling Mr. Cayley 'Fifteen years,' he says. Mr. Cayley having just told me his brother was last in England. Mr. Cayley knew of him. I heard him telling Mr. Beverley, but didn't know when he was last in England—see? So that's why he's not here."

"I'm not saying anything about fifteen years, Audrey. I can only speak for what I know, and that's five years. Whitsuntide, if he's been in Australia, as you say, well, I daresay he's had his doings."

"What reasons?" said Audrey lightly.

"Never mind what reasons. Being in the place of a mother to you, since your poor mother died, I say this. When a gentleman goes to Australia, he has his reasons. And when he stays in Australia fifteen years, he has his reasons. And a respectable brought-up girl doesn't ask why reasons."

"Got into trouble, I suppose," said Audrey carelessly. "They were saying at breakfast he'd been a wild one."

The ringing of a bell brought Audrey to her feet—to longer Audrey, but now Stevens. She arranged her cap in front of the glass.

"There, that's the front door," she said. "That's him. 'Show him into the office,' said Mr. Mark. I suppose he doesn't want the other ladies and gentlemen to see him. Well, they're all out at their golf, anyhow—Wonder if he's going to stay—Praps he's brought back a lot of gold from Australia."

"Now, now, get on, Audrey," said Mrs. Stevens, smiling. "Just going, darling." She went out.

As Audrey came across the hall she gave a little start as she saw Mr. Cayley suddenly, sitting unobtrusively in a seat beneath one of the front windows, reading.

No reason why he shouldn't be there; certainly a much cooler place than the golf-links on such a day; but somehow, as she was a deserted air about the house that afternoon, Mr. Cayley, the master's cousin, was a surprise; and, having given a little exclamation as she came suddenly upon him, she blushed, and said, "Oh, I beg your pardon sir, I didn't see you at first," and he looked up from his book and smiled at her.

An attractive smile it was on that big ugly face. "Such a gentleman, Mr. Cayley," she thought to herself as she went on and wondered what the master would do without him. If this brother, for instance, had to be bundled back to Australia, it was Mr. Cayley who would do most of the bundling.

"So this is Mr. Robert," said Audrey to herself, as she came in sight of the visitor.

She told her aunt afterwards that she would have known him anywhere for Mr. Mark's brother, but she would have said that in any event. Actually she was surprised. Dapper little Mark, with his neat pointed beard and his carefully-curved mustache, with his quick-darting eyes, always moving from one to the other of any company he was in, to register one more smile to his credit when he had said a good thing, one more expectant look when he was only waiting for his turn to say it; he was a very different man from this rough-looking, ill-dressed colonial, staring at her so loweringly.

"I want to see Mr. Mark Ablett," he growled. It sounded almost like a threat.

"Yes, sir. He is expecting you, if you will come this way."

Audrey went to the second door on the left, and opened it.

"Mr. Robert," she began, and then broke off. The room was empty.

"If you will sit down, sir, I will find the master. I know he's in, because he told me that you were coming this afternoon."

"Oh!" He looked round the room. "What d'you call this place, eh?"

"The office, sir."

"The office?"

"The room where the master works, sir."

"Works, eh? That's new. Didn't know he'd ever done a stroke of work in his life."

"Where he writes, sir," said Audrey, with dignity. The fact that Mr. Mark "wrote," though nobody knew what was a matter of pride in the housekeeper's room.

"Not well dressed enough for the drawing room, eh?"

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"Not well dressed enough for the drawing room, eh?"

"I will tell the master you are here, sir," said Audrey decisively. She closed the door and left him there.

"Well! Here was something to tell auntie! Her mind was busy at once, going over all the things which he had said to her and she had said to him—quiet-like. 'Directly I saw him I said to myself—' Why, you could have knocked her over with a feather. Feathers, indeed, were a perpetual menace to Audrey."

However, the immediate business was to find the master. She walked across the hall to the library, glanced in, came back a little uncertainly, and stood in front of Cayley.

"If you please, sir," she said in a

low, respectful voice, "can you tell me where the master is? It's Mr. Robert called."

"What?" said Cayley, looking up from his book. "Who?"

Audrey repeated her question.

"I don't know. He went up to the Temple after lunch."

"Thank you, sir. I will go up to the Temple."

Cayley returned to his book. The "Temple" was a brick summer-house, in the gardens at the back of the house, about three hundred yards away. Here Mark meditated sometimes before retiring to the "office" to put his thoughts upon paper. The thoughts were not of any great value, moreover, they were given off at the dinner-table more often than they got on to paper, and got on to paper more often than they got into print. But that did not prevent the master of The Red House from being a little pained when a visitor treated the Temple carelessly, as if it had been erected for the ordinary purposes of flirtation and cigarette-smoking.

Audrey walked slowly up to the Temple, looked in and walked slowly back. All that walk for nothing. Perhaps the master was upstairs in his room. "Not well-dressed enough for the drawing-room," Well, now, Auntie, would you like anyone in your drawing-room with a red handkerchief round his neck and great big dusty boots, and—listen!

Auntie was partial to a nice rabbit, and onion sauce.

She came into the house. As she

passed the housekeeper's room on her way to the hall, the door opened suddenly, and a rather frightened face looked out.

"Hallo, Aud," said Elsie. "It's Audrey, she said, turning into the room."

"Come in, Audrey," called Mrs. Stevens.

"What's up," said Audrey, looking in at the door.

"Oh, my dear, you gave me such a turn. Where have you been?"

"Up to the Temple."

"Did you hear anything?"

"Hear what?"

"Bangs and explosions and terrible things."

"One of the men shooting rabbits."

"Rabbits?" said her aunt scornfully. "It was inside the house, my girl."

"Straight it was," said Elsie. She was one of the housemaids. "I said to Mrs. Stevens—didn't I, Mrs. Stevens?—That was in the house, I said."

Audrey looked at her aunt and then at Elsie. "You think he had a revolver with him?" she said in a hushed voice.

"Who?" said Elsie excitedly.

"That brother of his. From Australia. I said as soon as I set eyes on him, 'You're a bad lot, my man!'

Rude!" She turned to her aunt.

"Well, I give you my word."

"There!" cried Mrs. Stevens up with a start.

"They listened anxiously to the old woman's chair."

A door was being shaken.

"Listen!"

Audrey and Elsie looked at each other with frightened eyes.

"They heard a man's voice angry."

"Open the door!" it was said.

"Open the door! I say, open the door!"

"Don't open the door!" said Stevens in a panic, as if it were a door which was threatened.

"Elsie! Don't let him in!"

"Damn it, open the door!" the voice again.

"We're all going to be made our beds," she quavered. The two girls huddled close to an arm round each, Mrs. Stevens, waiting.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Train conductors in France hailed on the Fifth Avenue.